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# OUR FIRST SQUEEZIN'

OR

HARRY MAY AND SALLY JUNE, Or THE OLD WAY  
OF COURTIN'

— BY —

OLIVER REVILO.

40

Original Humorous  
Illustrations

... BY ...

EDWARD MASON.



PRICE, 25 CENTS.



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## Harry May and Sally June

... OR ...

## THE OLD WAY OF COURTIN'

By OLIVER REVILO.

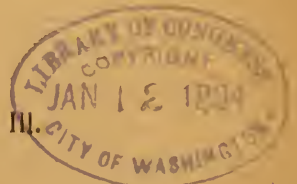
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Waynesburg, Pa. 12/29 1850

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Dear Sir

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Am I right?

Respectfully,

L. A. M.

Waynesburg,  
Greene Co., Pa.





“They’d swim the sea and drown themselves—but with the girls they d go.” Page 7.





## Our First Squeezin'; or, Harry May and Sally June.



“Last Wednesday night the moon shone bright—  
’Twas very nice and cool;  
I went o’er to the meetin’ house  
To ’tend the Singin’ School.

“The girls and boys from all around  
The country near were there;  
The older ones, and younger ones—  
The homely and the fair.

“The boys had on their Sunday clothes—  
Their shoes had on a shine;  
And their hair was greased and parted,  
With ev'ry hair in line.

“The girls all wore their sweetest smiles—  
Their hair in curls and friz;  
With ribbons dangling here and there—  
Eyes opened wide for biz.

“You'd think that from the noise they made  
And promptness to be there—  
That to improve their singin' was  
Their whole intent and care.

“But, bah! they didn't go to sing—  
'Twas just the same old blind  
Their ma's before them often played,  
In trying beaux to find.



“As for the boys, why did they go—  
You ask them such a thing;  
And, like the girls, they’ll soon reply  
And say: ‘It was to sing.’

‘But draw the veil; don’t quiz too close,  
Just how it is you know,  
They’d swim the sea and drown themselves,  
But with the girls they’d go.

‘But you will find most everywhere,  
And ’tis an *awful* fate,  
That there are some, both girls and boys,  
Who haven’t got a mate.

“’Tis pretty *well* the way it is,  
But think it would be ‘*weller*’  
Could ev’ry ‘feller’ have his girl,  
And ev’ry girl her ‘feller’.

“Of those who cannot get a mate,  
Why, some are pretty rash,  
And always on a sharp look-out,  
To try to make a match.

“I must admit that I was one,  
And Sally June the same,  
Who long had tried to make a ‘mash’,  
But never caught the game.

‘And why it was I cannot tell,  
And very odd it seems,  
As we looked not a whit alike,  
But rather the extremes.

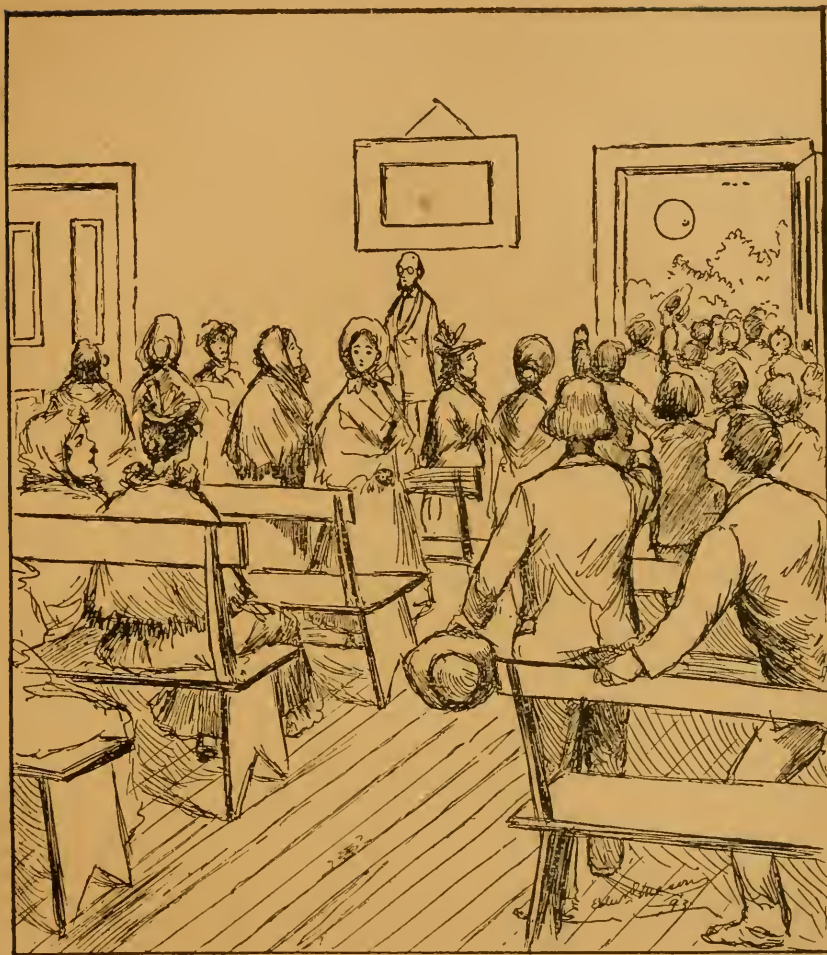
“For I was very tall and lean,  
And thinner than a rail;  
While she was short, fat as an ox,  
And plump as any quail.



‘I was so lean the dogs would come,  
Where e’er I went alone;  
And smell, and growl, and prowl around,  
And think they’d get a bone.



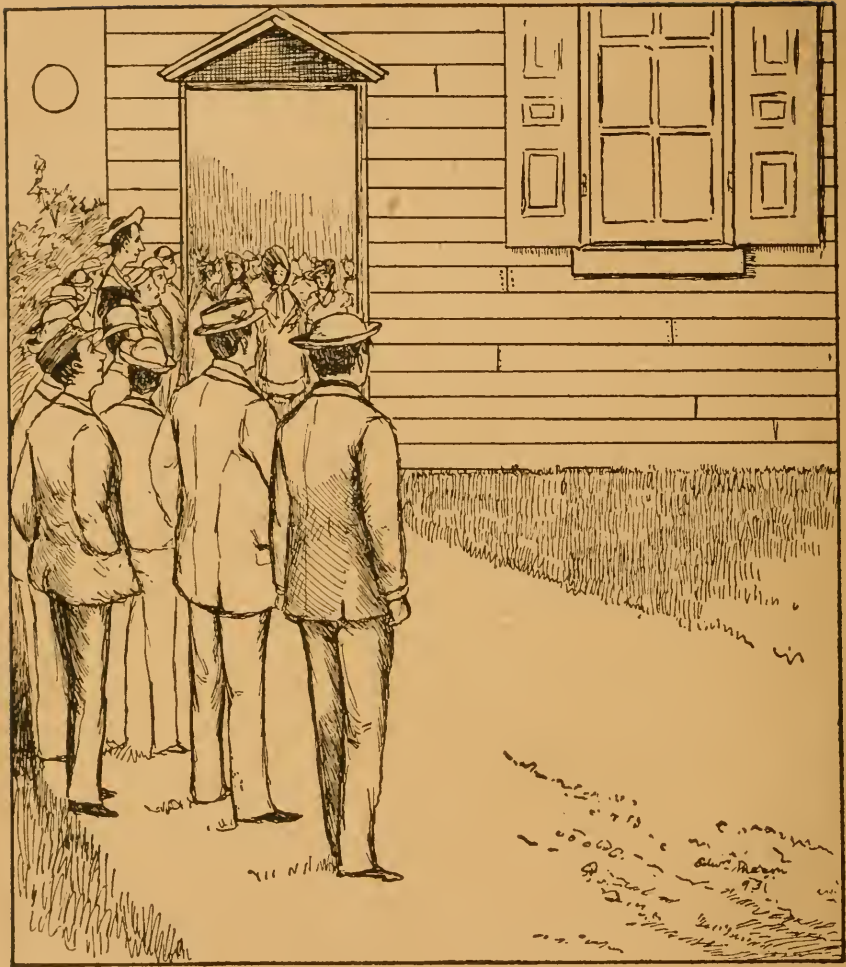
“She was so fat, to fill her dress,  
She didn’t need a padder;  
And the way she shortened pie crust,  
She rolled it in her ‘shadder’.



“I’d made up my mind before I went,  
If Sally June was there,  
That Harry May would see her home—  
That’s if she didn’t care.

“Well I was glad when singin’s out,  
For then commenced the fun,  
To see the boys all hurry out—  
Some of them on the run.





"A kind of gauntlet then they formed,  
 Right out in front o' the door;  
 Through which the girls would have to pass—  
 But very much deplore (?).

"The gauntlet was quite different  
 From any that I know;  
 For in this case the runner was  
 The one who struck the blow.



“Now when a girl would come along,  
Right opposite her bean,  
He’d sidle up, and she’d ‘wing’ on,  
Then off together go.

“And many a boy who’s stood before  
The church’s vestibule,  
Will say the lick he got hurt worse  
Than if kicked by a mule.



‘Sometimes the boy, who thought he’s some,  
And that the ‘coast was clear’;  
Instead of walkin’ off the girl,  
Would walk off ‘on his ear’.

‘And then the boys would hoot and laugh,  
For that was fun, you know,  
To see the boy who’s tryin’ to  
But didn’t get to go.





"Sometimes he'd look a little 'cheap'—  
 A picture of despair—  
 You know exactly how he felt,  
 If you was ever 'there'.

"Now when the boys formed into line,  
 I stood near the advance  
 Determined now, since she was there  
 I wouldn't lose my chance.

“And very soon the sweetest girl,  
That was at singin’ school,  
Came walkin’ out and down the line,  
Defiant and so cool.

“Now when I saw her at the door,  
I scarce knew what to do;  
And I felt something pierce my soul,  
Like a nail would through my shoe.

“And, now, the Nebuchadnezzar act,  
My knees began to try—  
But nerved myself up to the point,  
To do it now or die.



“I offered her my arm at once,  
 And asked to see her home:  
 She reached right up and buckled on  
 As though I was her own.

“And then a wild hurrah went up,  
 From throats of naughty boys,  
 With laughing jokes, and taunting pokes,  
 And lots of other noise:

“ ‘Ha, ha! Look there, who’d thought of that?’  
 They all in chorus spoke:  
 ‘Just see the giant and the dwarf,  
 And neither of them’s broke!’



"But Sally knew we'd get along,  
 And didn't care a smack:  
 Her sister Jane'd had beaux before,  
 And she'd peeped through a crack.

"I looked around quite tauntingly,  
 To let them know we's game  
 If at the business we were green  
 We'd 'get there all the same'.





“We took the near way ’cross the fields,  
A stubbin’ ev’ry bump;



Although it was as light as day,  
We fell right o'er a stump.



“I scrambled up quick as I could,  
 To see if she was hurt;  
 Then took her up into my arms,  
 To brush away the dirt.

“I heard a noise, and looked around  
 A feelin’ rather sore,  
 And saw a lot from singin’ school  
 Who did just laugh and roar.





“While some were leapin’ in the air,  
 And others shoutin’ loud;  
 I felt like jumpin’ on to them,  
 And whippin’ the whole crowd.

“We let them pass, high in their glee,  
 Then walked on to her home.  
 The distance seemed most awful short—  
 For we were all alone.

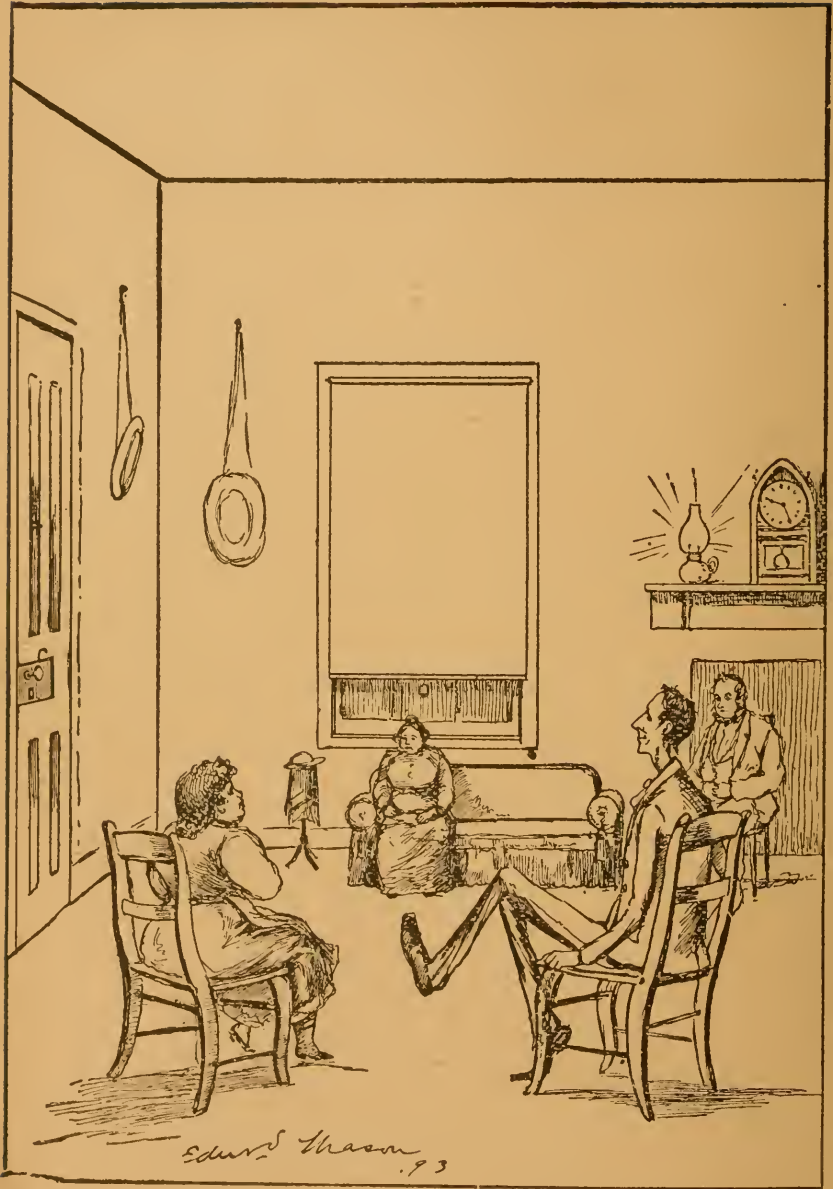


“When we got there I was surprised  
The old folks both to see:  
I was in hopes they were in bed—  
For it was time they’d be.

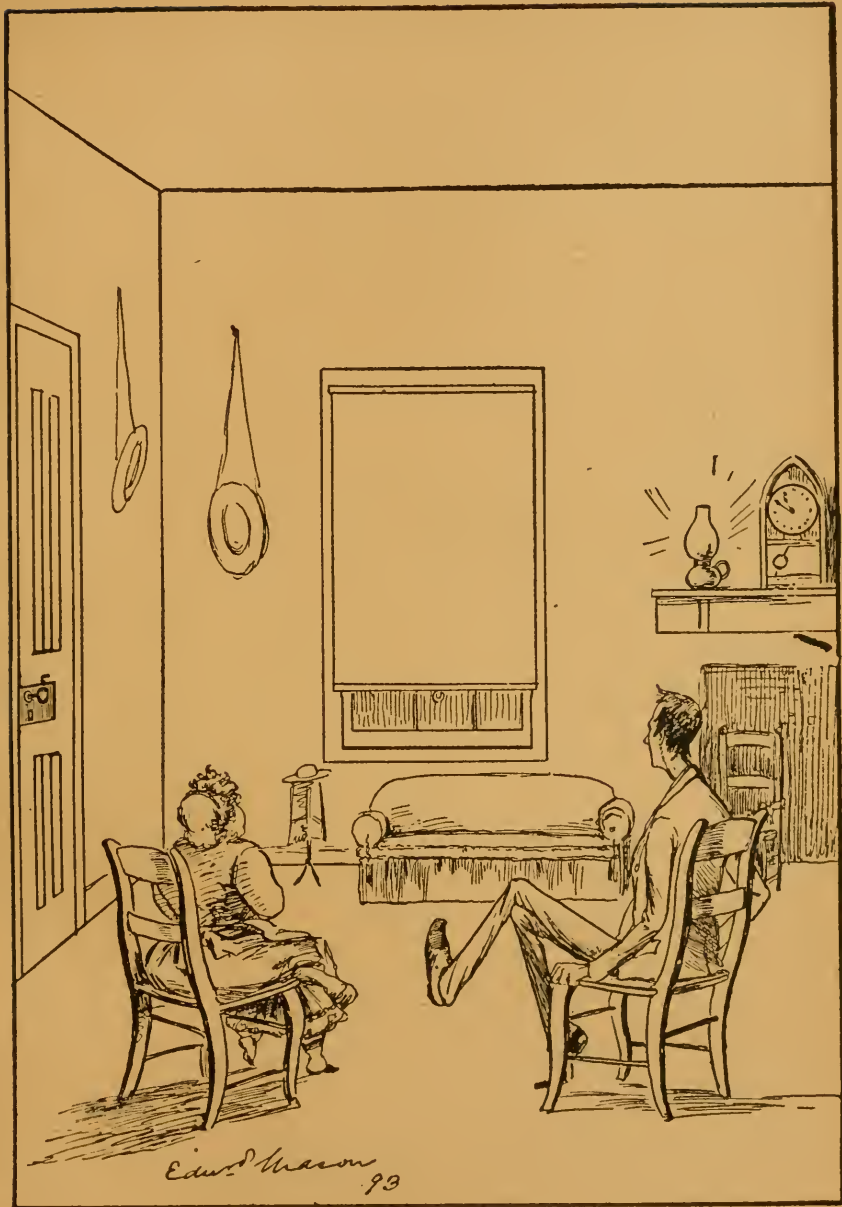
“She took me in the parlor where  
The old folks were also—  
They seemed quite puzzled and amazed  
That Sally had a beau.

“They looked at me— they looked right hard—  
A great surprise it seemed;  
And then their faces brightened up,  
And smiles across them beamed.

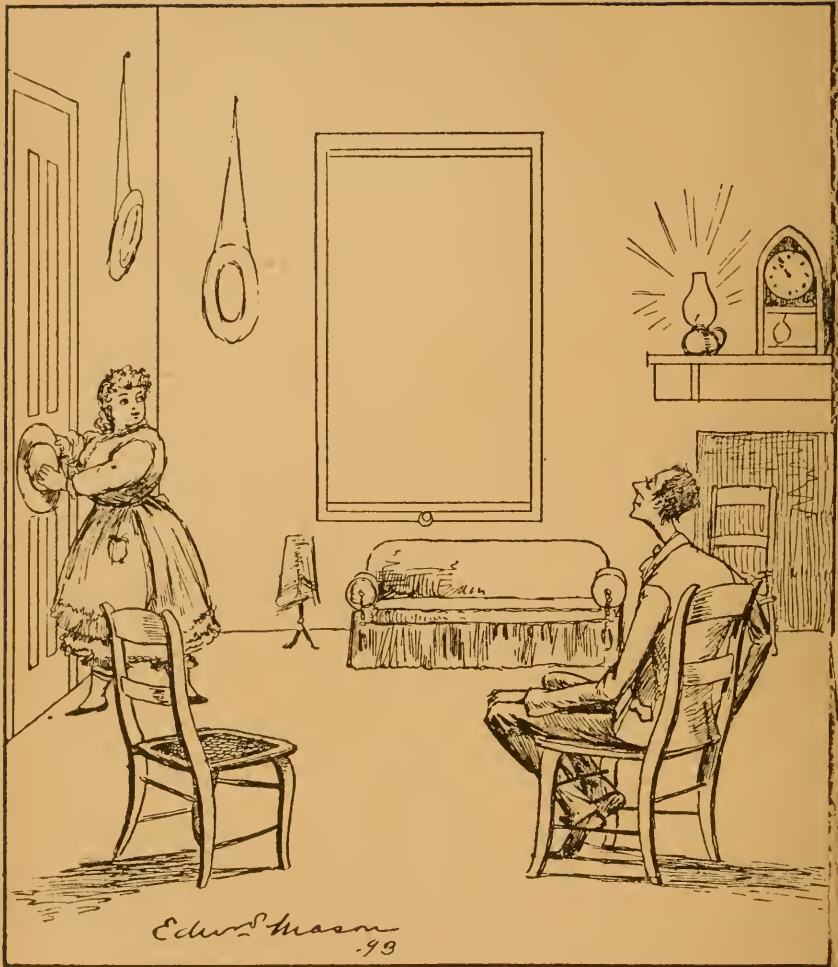
“I felt a little out of place—  
I didn’t feel at ease—  
For still the old folks eyed me’s though  
There’s something didn’t please.



“There in the parlor we all sat—  
The old folks, her and me;



But soon the old folks left the room—  
Then there alone sat we.



“I shortly after heard a noise  
 Of walkin’ over head,  
 And then I knew the old folks had  
 Both started off to bed.

“Then she arose and locked the door,  
 And pulled the blinds down right—  
 And on the door knob hung my hat,  
 To close the key-hole tight.

“The old folks’d scarcely settled down,  
And she had locked the door,  
Until I felt a feelin’ shoot  
Clear through me to the floor.

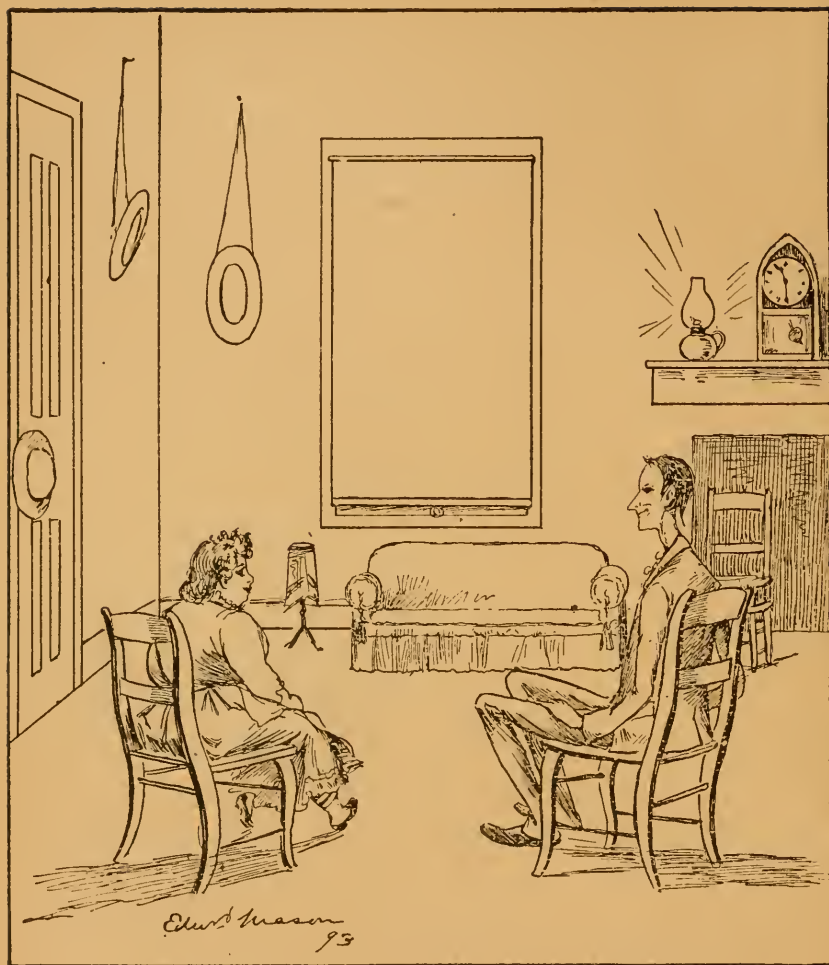
“I felt it shiver down my back,  
I felt as though I’d freeze;  
Had palpitation of the heart;  
And weakness of the knees.

“I felt a little homesick like—  
I felt as though I’s stealin’;  
I wasn’t sick, nor wasn’t well—  
Can’t just describe my feelin’.

“And there we sat as still as mice,  
So still it gave me pain:  
A fly that flew across the room  
Whizzed like a railroad train.

“And then I wished I hadn’t come—  
It didn’t look like fun—  
I wished that I was out of it,  
But didn’t like to run.





"I fin'ly glanced around at her—  
     She longingly looked at me,  
 Now, really I pitied her—  
     She act'd so fidgety.

"So there we sat for 'bout an hour,  
     And neither of us spoke;  
 My courage seemed to disappear  
     As though it had been smoke.

“And ev’ry time I’d go to speak,  
Or try to move from there,  
There’d something pop up in my throat,  
Or hold me to the chair.

“My lips were speechless, heart beat fast,  
And all through I felt numb:  
The clock that on the mantle set,  
Ticked louder than a drum.

“I saw the ‘table’ ready set,  
The ‘victuals’ awful nice;  
And all I had to do to feast,  
Was just to ‘break the ice’.

“I had a gnawin’ appetite—  
Was hungry to my feet,  
While the ‘victuals’ were just spoilin’  
And longin’ to be eat.

“Still there she sat, and so did I,  
Each watchin’ t’ other’s sighs;  
While I should be ‘in clover’ now,  
Away up to my eyes.

“I looked around, and glancing up,  
I saw the blinded winder:  
I knew there's no one lookin' in,  
Nor no one nigh to hinder.

“I heard a noise up overhead,  
Like distant thunder roar;  
And as I listened I soon found  
It was the old folks' snore.

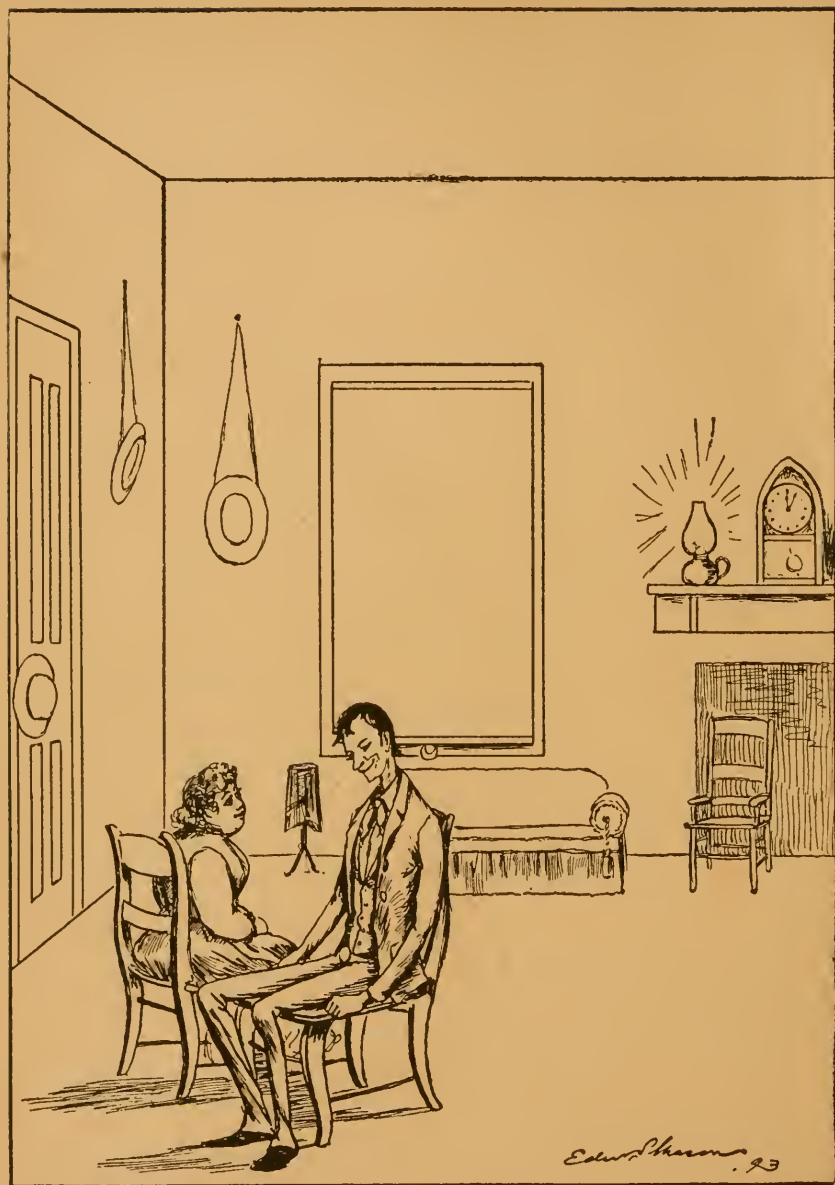
“I knew the old folks were asleep  
And couldn't interfere;  
Then why not grasp her in my arms,  
And then—oh, my! oh, dear!

“But there we were six feet apart—  
‘So near and yet so far’—  
And as the clock ticked off the time,  
Each minute seemed an hour.

“Thinks I, ‘my boy, you play the fool—  
Now this will never do;  
Once having undertook the job,  
Your bound to see it through.’

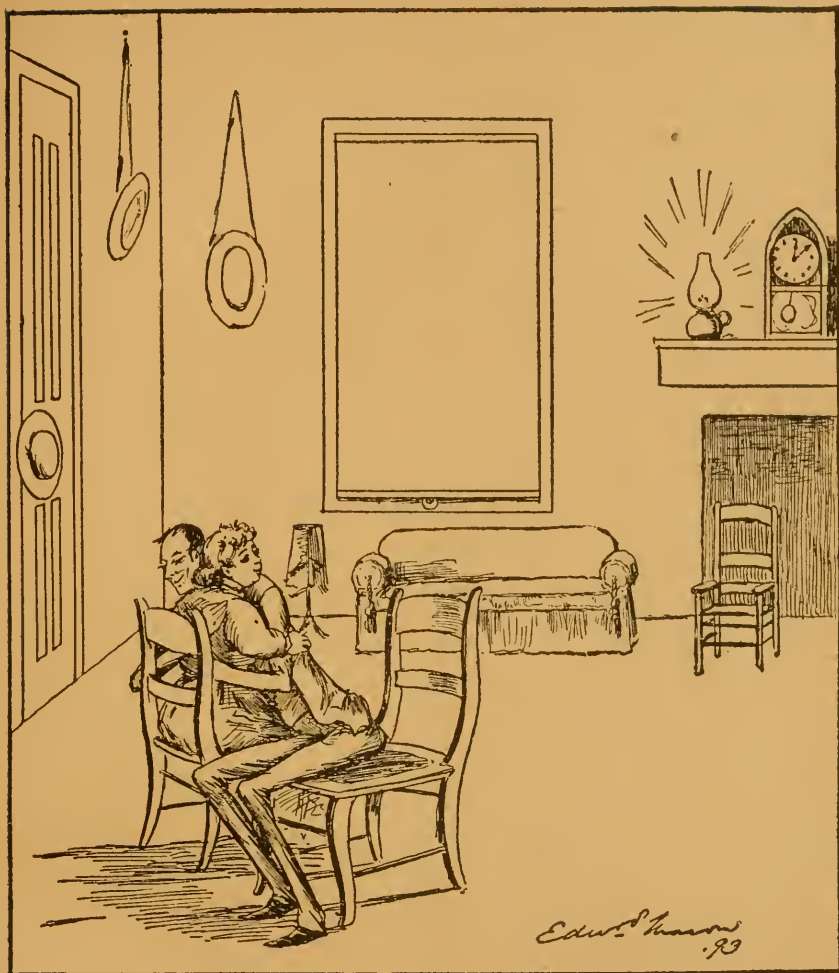
‘In thinkin’ then the way to act,  
    This maxim thought I’d heed:  
‘The only sure way to success  
    Is for you to succeed.’

‘With this I mustered up enough  
    Of courage for to start,  
Which was with very shaky legs  
    And flutterin’ of the heart.



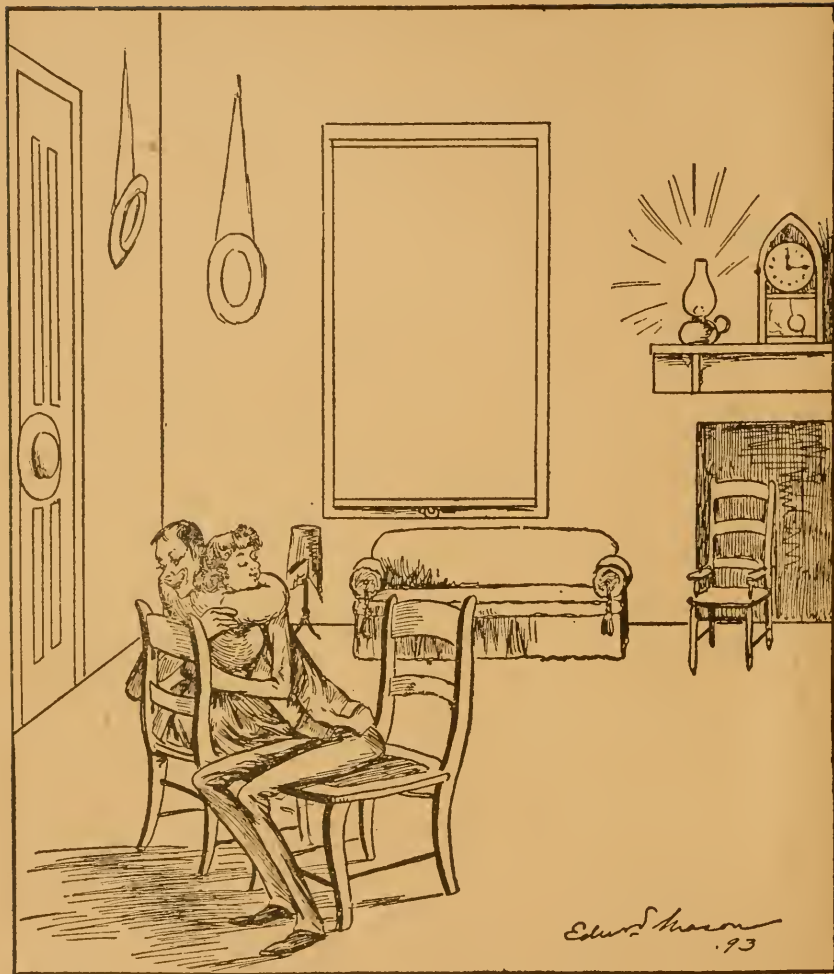
“I hitched my chair up close to her’n—  
I did it inch by inch—  
I looked to see her jump and run—  
But she didn’t much as flinch.





"I found the ground I'd won was so  
     That I could venture more—  
 I put my arms around her, oh!  
     And squeezed her to the core.

"I squeezed her first around the waist,  
     And then I squeezed her higher;  
 I squeezed her close as I could squeeze,  
     Then tried to squeeze her ni'er.



“And lookin’ sad—though she was glad—  
 Her arms around me threw;  
 And such a squeezin’ time’s we had,  
 I’ll bet you never knew.

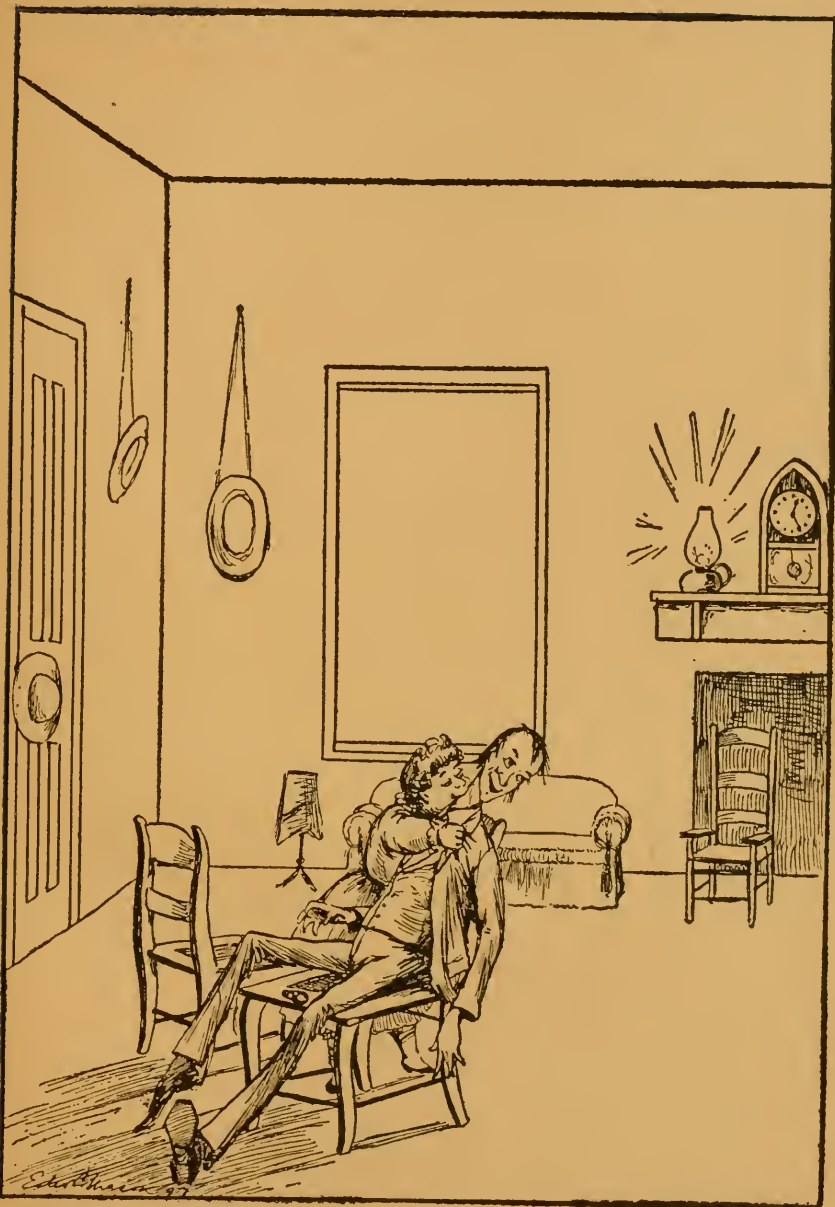
“First, I would squ-e-eze, then she would squ-e-e-eze;  
 Then both would squ e-e-e-eze for life,  
 Until her breath was almost gone;  
 Then she gave up the strife.



“There in my arms, sweet girl, she lay  
As helpless as a clod.



I set my teeth into her neck  
And chawed, and chawed, and chawed.



“But that soon brought her back to life,  
And up she'd quickly bound;  
Then softly, gently, champed my neck,  
All 'round, and 'round, and 'round.

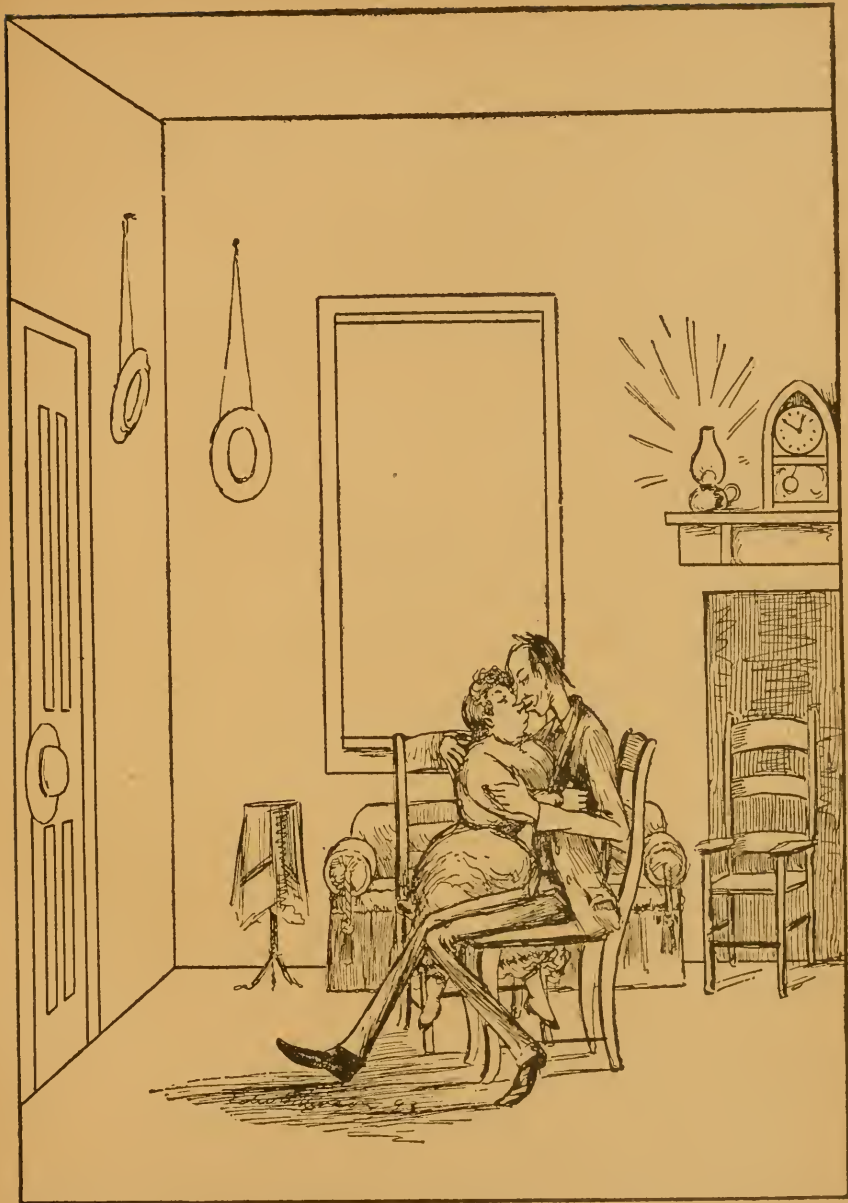


“I felt no longer home-sick now,  
Nor nothin' like I's stealin';  
My heart, now overslopped with joy,  
No palpitation feelin'.

“Instead of shivers down my back,  
The perspiration rolled;  
Through ev'ry muscle, bone and nerve,  
The sweetest pleasure strolled.

“I felt as supple as a cat,  
As lightsome as a feather:  
I felt as big as twenty men,  
Put them all together.

“I felt like jumpin' o'er the house;  
Or rather o'er the moon:  
Instead of comin' there at night  
I wished I'd come at noon.



“So much I’d win, I tried ag’in,  
Some honey now to sip:  
I pressed her breast ag’in my vest,  
Then ling-er-ed on her lip.

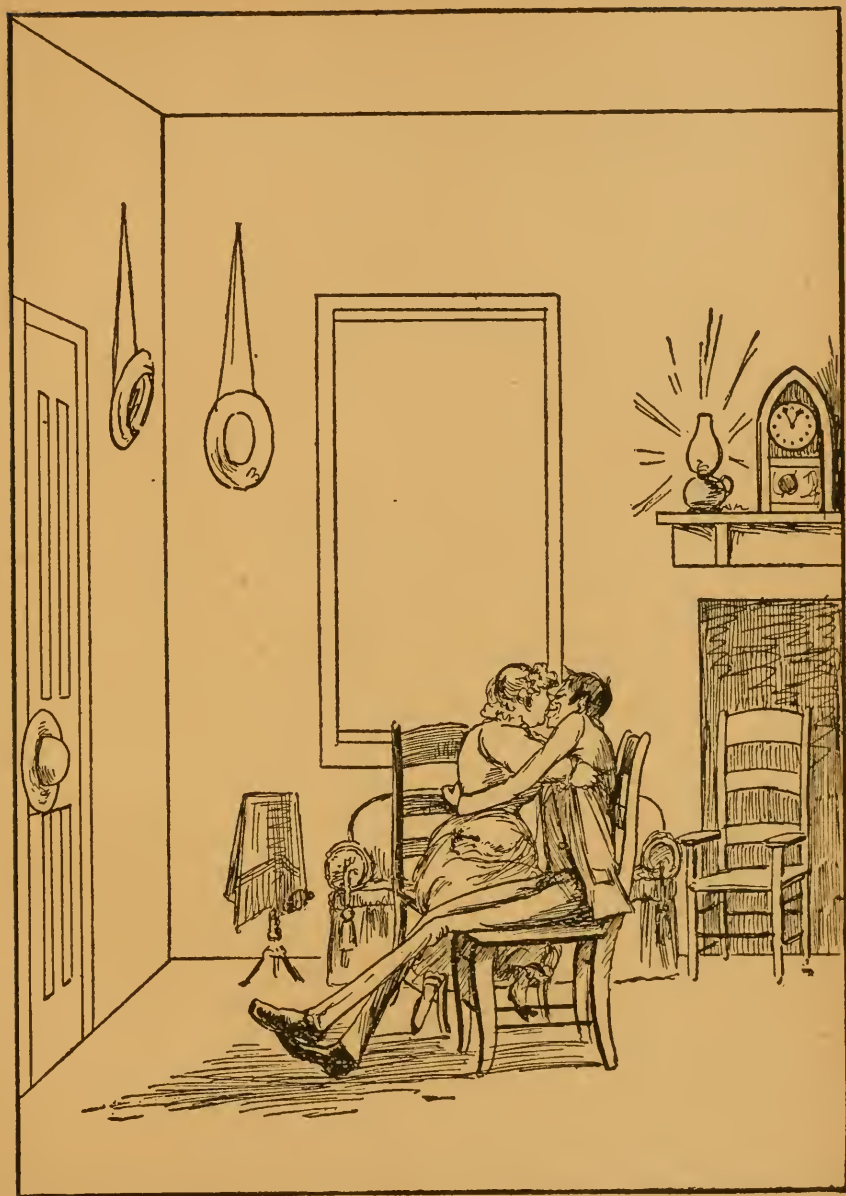
“My lips met her'n magnetically,  
And stuck tight as a leech;  
They're soft as silk, as pure as snow,  
And luscious as a peach.

“Oh, cream and berries, buck-wheat cakes,  
And maple 'lasses drips!  
You're 'gall and worm-wood' to my taste  
Compared to Sally's lips!

“Of all the 'sweeties' in the world,  
There's none sweet as that kiss—  
It seemed an age of happiness—  
An eternity of bliss!

“I lingered till my lips slipped off,  
Then heard a smackin' thud  
That sounded like a horse's foot  
A pullin' out of mud.

“Oh, this courtin' it is blissful!  
The sweetest of all jobs!  
I can take it by the armfuls  
And swallow it in gobs!



“And now, I softly drew her up,  
To in my arms recline;  
Then quickly she, ere I could see,  
Just glued her lips to mine.



‘Then gently pulled me ’cross her lap,  
 And pressed me to her breast,  
 Which soft as down of pillows are—  
 Her lap a feather nest!

‘Now there in joyous bliss, I lay,  
 Too helpless for to die:  
 I could not lift a finger now,  
 And scarcely wink an eye.



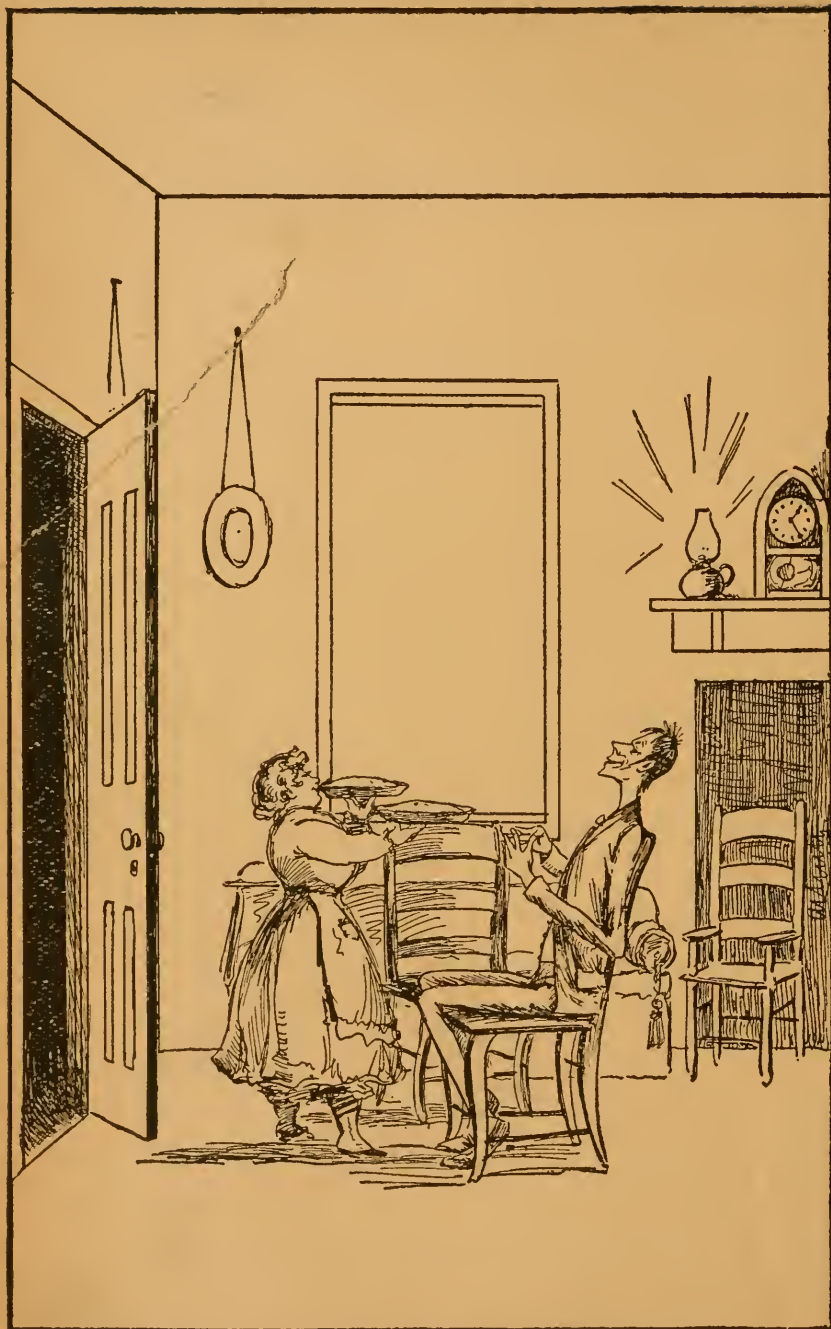
“Oh! could I find, alas! but no,  
No language can there be  
That can express the raptures that,  
Now, glided over me!

“I felt no fear of any girl—  
No care for all their charms:  
I felt content in Sally’s love—  
Secure in Sally’s arms!

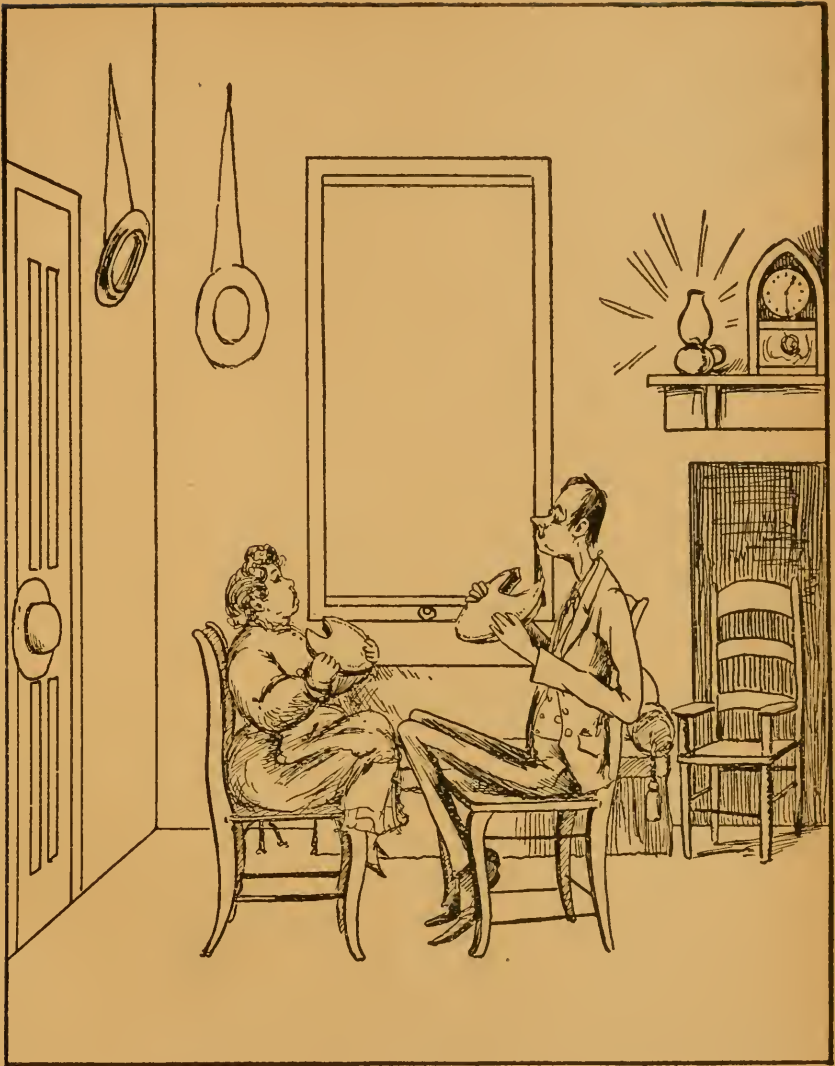
“While she caressed me, oh! so nice,  
She looked me in the eye  
And asked if I was hungry now  
And had a ‘tooth’ for pie!

“Am I alive, or do I dream  
That all good things are nigh;  
That, while I fill dear Sally’s arms,  
Can fill myself with pie!

“I pulled my hair and pinched myself,  
And tried my best to see  
If this was an illusion, or  
A true reality.



“Then, off she went to get the pies,  
And with 'em in she waddled



And there we sat, enjoyingly,  
And 'giggled, gabbled, gobbled'.

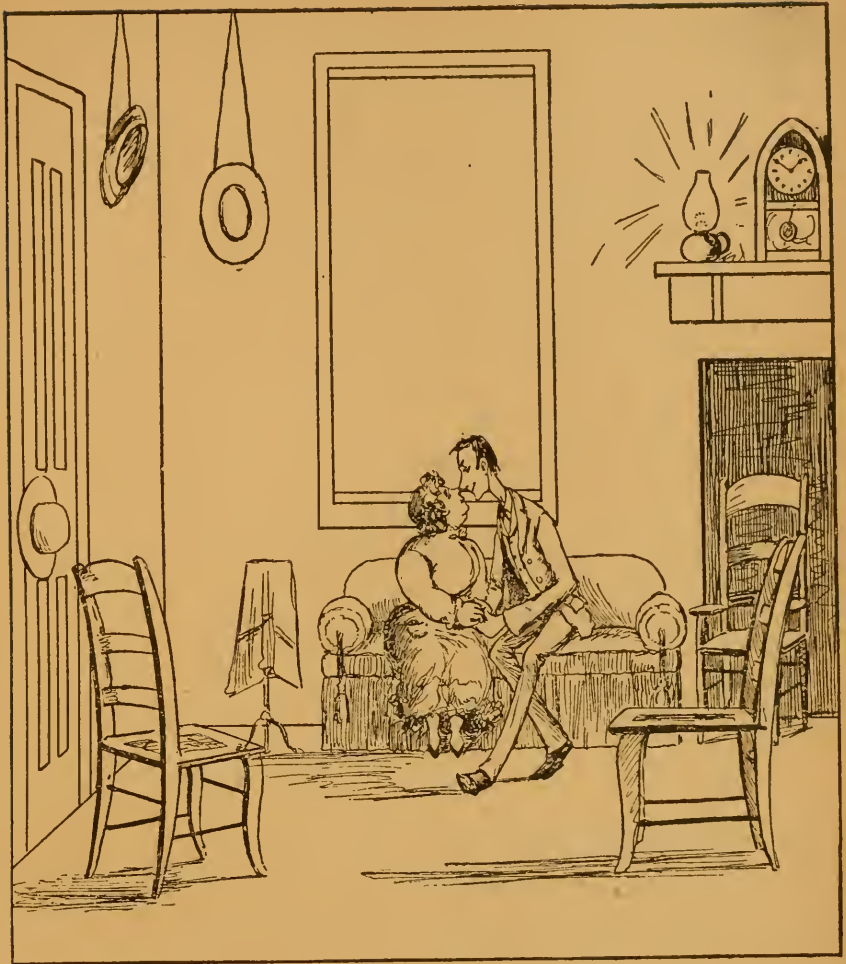
“Of all the fun, beneath the sun,  
Or joys secured a sportin’,  
There’s surely nothin’ nicer than  
Eatin’ pie and courtin’.

“With all the pleasure you can find,  
As through this world you whirl,  
This life's not worth the livin' for,  
Unless you've got a girl.

“I thought that courtin' was a game  
That I'd have all the say,  
But now I found it was a game  
At which *both* liked to play.

“Though our acquaintance was but slight—  
Yet so affectionate—  
That I ne'er saw, in such short time,  
Folks get so intimate:

“For when I'd press her to my breast,  
And call her ‘Lovely Bunnie’!  
Then she'd kiss me on my lips  
And call me ‘Sweetest Honey’!



"The sofa, she suggested now—  
     We changed there in a trice,  
 Where we could close together sit,  
     And found it very nice.

"And there we sat, close side by side,  
     Just like two lovers wooed;  
 And like a pair of lovin' doves,  
     We billed, and billed and cooed.

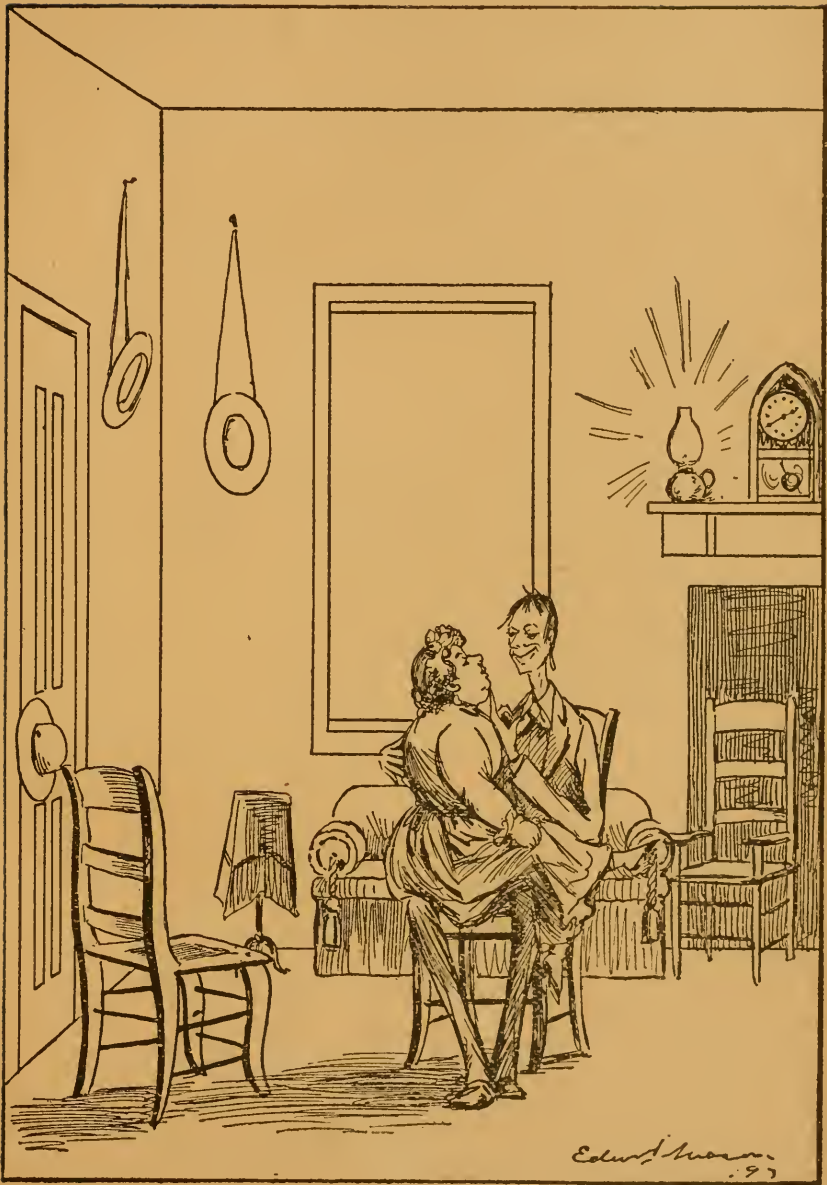


“And oh, the time, it flew so fast!—  
    Appearing like a dream—  
And as the clock struck off the hours;  
    They'd but a minute seem.

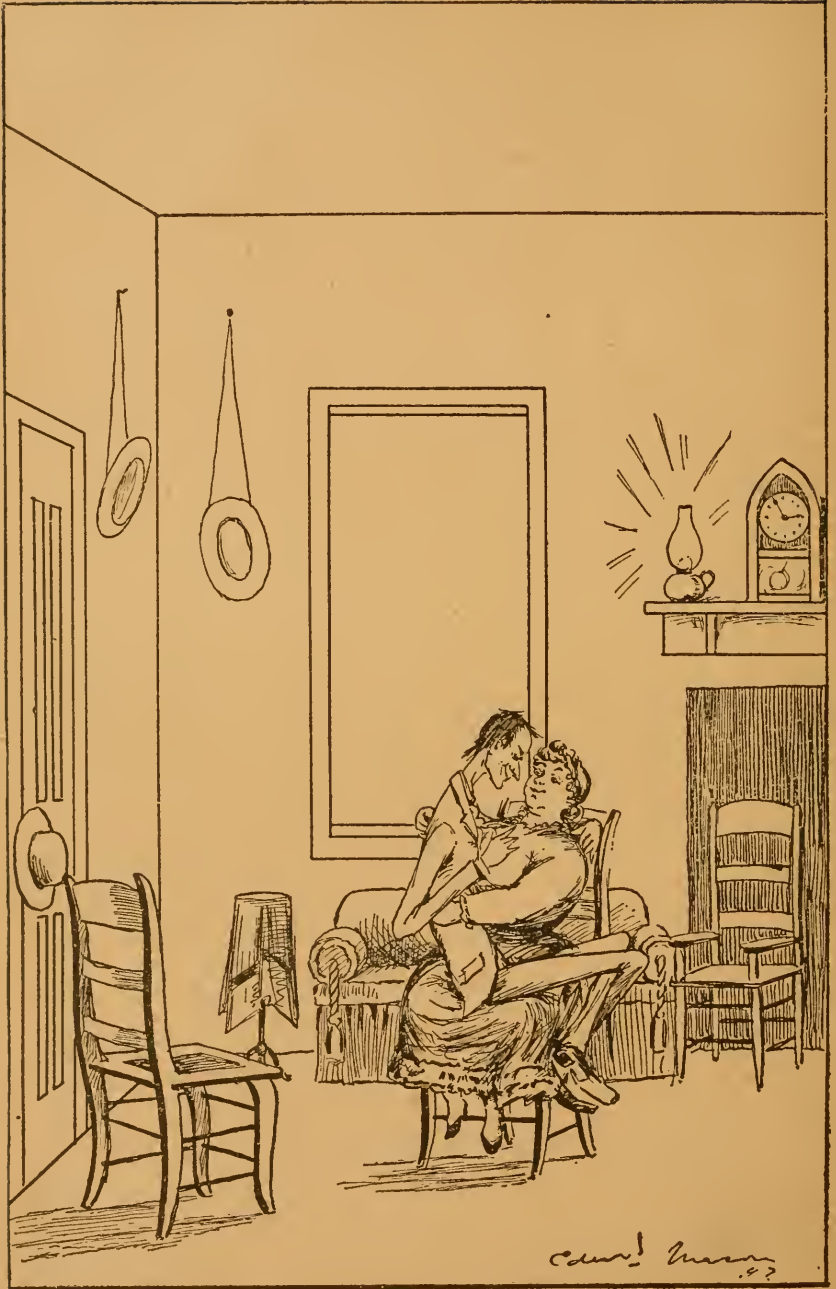
“We knew but little how to act,  
    To do it up in style;  
So ‘rough and tumble’ we went in,  
    For quite a little while.

“What she had seen her sister do  
    When she was ‘sparkin’ ’ Joe;  
We tried the same, and other ways,  
    We thought would be a go.

“Then after tryin’ ev’ry plan,  
    The nicest way thought she,  
Was t’ occupy a single chair,  
    And that just suited me.



‘Then she’d sit a while on my lap  
Till my legs ’d tire and burn;



Then we would change positions,  
And I'd sit awhile on her'n.

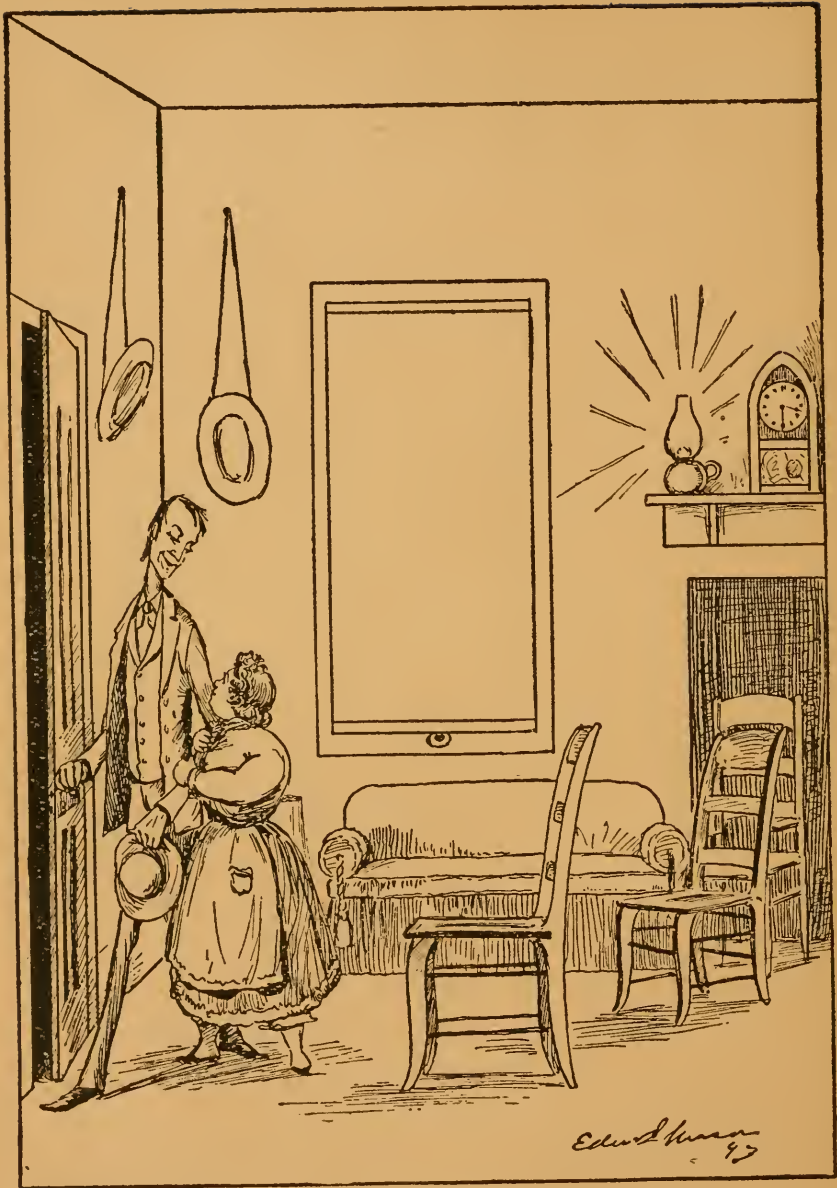
“So there we were, till three o’clock,  
As happy as you please,  
A huggin’, kissin’, chawin’, just  
As busy as two bees.

“Then we concluded it was best  
For us, now, to adjourn;  
And rest until another night  
Then take another turn.

“So after we had settled on  
The night that I should come—  
Then I put my arms around her—  
Oh, my! but—yum, yum, yum!

“It was the good-night kiss for us—  
It was our last embrace—  
For it was time to separate—  
My footsteps homeward trace.

“And so we took another hug,  
Also another kiss,  
Then multiplied them o’er and o’er—  
Nor multiplied amiss.



“I took my hat; unlocked the door;  
Was ready, then, to go:  
Then she looked up—I couldn’t but  
Another kiss bestow!





“And like the toper who had quit  
And got another taste;  
I sat right *down* and took her *up*,  
Then lovingly embraced!



“Then there we sat and practiced that  
 Which we had just now learned,  
 With such fondness and intenseness  
 That time we’d not discerned.

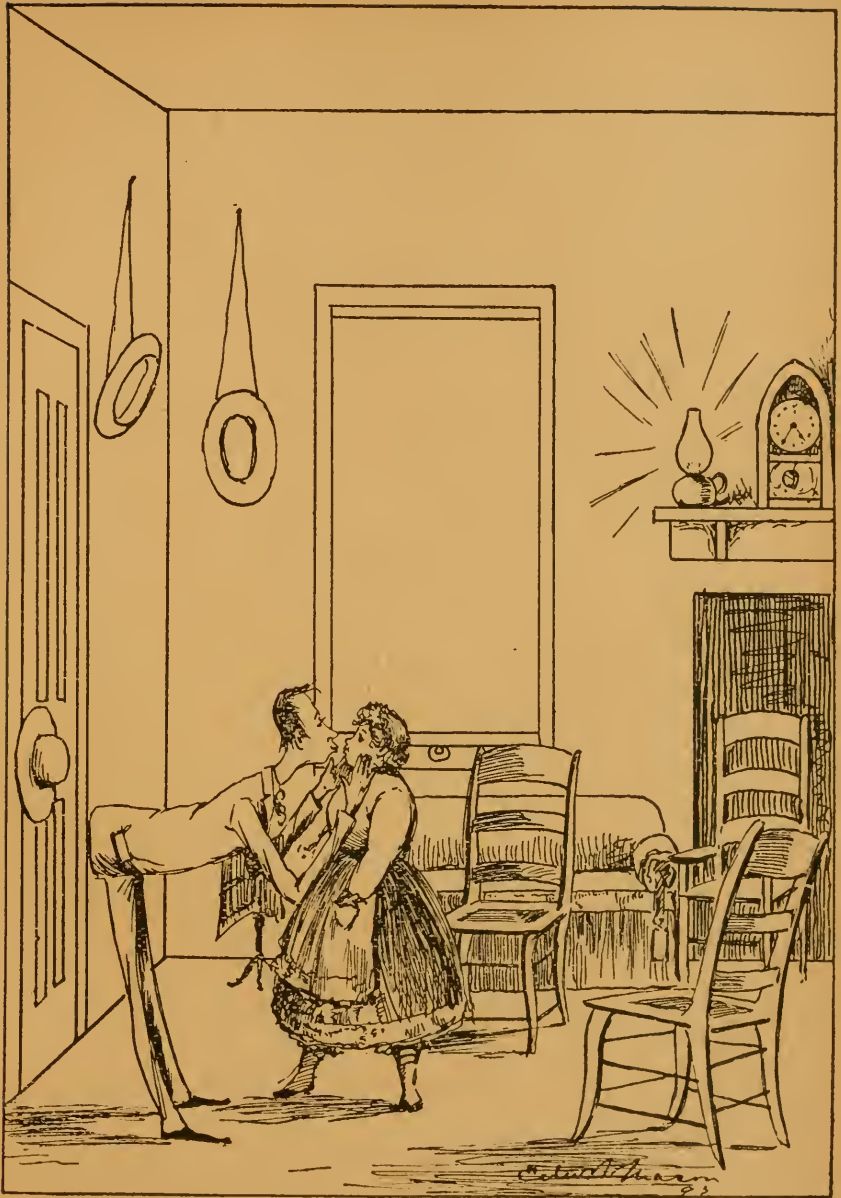
“It seemed a quarter of an hour—  
 Perhaps a little more—  
 I heard a noise—she gave a sigh—  
 The clock was strikin’ four.



“I tried my best to get away (?)  
But still she held me in,  
I found it 'bout as hard to quit  
As I did to begin.



"At last we struggled to our feet,  
 Then marched around the room:  
 The very thought that we must part,  
 Now filled my heart with gloom.



‘Then stoopin’ down, I pressed her checks—  
 Her lips, a sweet display—  
 Then takin’ one more hug and kiss—  
 Just *tore* myself away.





“Says I, ‘Good-bye.’ ‘Good-bye,’ says she,  
‘Remember Wednesday night,’  
And then I heard a rooster crow;  
And saw ’twas just daylight.



“I started off upon a run,  
My legs I did unfold:  
Not used to such an exercise,  
I’s ’fraid I’d catch a cold.

“I had enjoyed a pleasant night  
Of pure *Innocent Fun!*  
I wished, instead of quittin' then,  
That I had just begun.

“Such happiness I'd never felt  
In all my life before;  
*Resolved:* If I can get the help,  
I'll court forever more!

“And ever will I bless the boy,  
Who courtin' did invent,  
For such pleasing, plea-ant, pleasure as  
To all the world he's sent.

“And thus did Sally earn of dad,  
Of salt a heapin’ peck,  
By bein’ first to squeeze my ribs,  
And chawin’ of my neck.

“And soon as daddy found it out,  
He took the salt, you bet,  
And went right o’er to Sally’s house,  
And paid the honest debt.

“And Sally’s dad was spunky too,  
And wouldn’t be out done;  
So he brought o’er the peck of salt  
That I had fairly won.

“Then daddy said, a jokin’ me,  
The salt was opportune,  
For to preserve such soft, green things  
As me and Sally June!

“Now for reflection I’ve had time  
And thought the matter o’er,  
And early on next Wednesday night  
She’ll find me at her door.

“I know she’ll greet me with delight,  
And very happy be—  
But what we’ll do, I cannot say,  
And now am all ‘at sea’.

“Perhaps repeat all o’er again  
The same as I have told,  
Which well I know ’s a pleasant task,  
And never will grow old.

“For it has been for ages past—  
Perhaps ‘time out of mind’—  
As pleasant fun for girls and boys  
As any they could find.

“Talk of parties, singin’s, dances,  
Or any thing you please,  
But of them all give me a good,  
Old-fashioned Country Squeeze!











“So much I’d win, I tried ag’in,  
Some honey now to sip:”













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